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BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



"OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE."

JENKINS IN THE ACT OF WISHING TO GOODNESS THAT HE HAD NEVER BEEN INSPIRED BY THE WORK WITH ABOVE-MENTIONED TITLE!

HEMISPHERES I HAVE "EXTENDED" OVER.

(By a late Cambridge Lecturer "in partibus.")

THE recent occasion of the Silver Jubilee of University Extension, celebrated under the patronage of His Grace, the Chancellor of Cambridge University, prompts me to confide in the public ear my experiences as a Missionary of Culture to the Heathen. My subject divides itself almost automatically into two sections.

I.—THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

Am advised by my solicitors to reserve this chapter for posthumous publication.

II.—THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

If I am one thing more than other—and this is very doubtful—that thing is a patriot. Small wonder, then, that I was pained by a remark illustrative of the contempt of certain ignorant foreigners for high traditions of British Empire. Was seated in Liverpool special en route for the States, being in train to carry lamp of University Extension into dark places of Western Hemisphere. Beside me was an American citizen on way home. What high inspiration, I wondered, had he drawn from sojourn among us?

"Been long in this country?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I came over from Parrus last night, and I tuk a cab and drove around for two or three hours; but I don't like your cowfee."

This closed conversation. Impossible to preserve show of friendly relations with stranger so grossly indifferent to those qualities which go to make our national greatness. (May add that present Anglo-American entente had not yet been fully established.)

With this episode I associate another not less painful to my patriotism. Our homeward-bound vessel was drifting up Mersey on the most sombre autumn evening at which I have ever assisted. "See here, my dear," said an American matron to small daughter, as we collected baggage, "this is Great Britain; and you will never see the sun again until you get to Parrus." (This also was prior to Anglo-American understanding.)

Coffee and climate! Is it by these that men judge of a nation whose navy sweeps the boundless unplumbed ocean; whose Royal Academy is the despair of foreign imitators; whose literature, from the dim dawn of promise in SHAKESPEARE'S day, to its sublime and effulgent setting in the Yellow—but enough! Am patriot, with patriot's prejudices.

Have always thought that dominant duty of patriot is to be ignorant of achievements of other nations. May or may not be ignorant about his own, but almost must be ignorant about the others. That is how it was that, when Americans on board New York City (now the fighting Harvard) spoke of having national gala on fourth of July, I naturally asked myself what the nation had done to deserve it. So took down copy of GAMMEL'S history from ship's library, and read chapter or so about WASHINGTON and Independence. Found it very poor reading, and determined never to indulge curiosity again in manner unbecoming to patriot. (Should add that I have lately discovered that fourth of July is day set apart for Anglo-American dinners and mutual admiration.)

Broke my resolution about indulging curiosity as to other nations' affairs, and was rewarded with severe blow to national pride. Have referred already to my proper ignorance of foreign history. Found that names of American national heroes had for me all the conquering charm of novelty. Name of a certain Mr. HENRY CLAY had been often used in my hearing, and invariably in tones of unquestioned respect. Transpired, eventually, that this person had done something in Congress in early part of one of the centuries. Apart from my principles, could hardly have been expected to know so inconspicuous a fact.

I asked, "Did your man HENRY CLAY do anything besides making cigars?"

The immediate answer—a rude and ignorant one, as I think—took form of rhetorical question:—

"Wal, say, did your man WELLINGTON do anything besides making boots?"

A propos of the neglected great, am reminded of personal narrative told by Mr. MARK TWAIN, which do not remember to have seen in print. Above humorist, ascending in elevator of lofty warehouse, found himself facing General GRANT. In moment of mental aberration failed to identify illustrious warrior; but being of social turn of mind asked him if he was "travelling" in that line of business.

"My name is GRANT," replied the veteran.

Recognising unpardonable error he had committed, humorist retired from elevator some eight storeys below his destination, "for fear," as he afterwards said, "lest I should ask him if he had ever been in the Army!"

Ought to own that I rather like humour if it is not employed at my expense or that of my country. In America found most things sacrificed to humour of a kind; sacred feelings often cruelly harrowed; sensitive skin, like my own, inclined to smart under these scintillations.

"Your stars," as I said, in a moment of unguarded anger (prior, of course, to Anglo-American exhibition of cordiality), "your stars, I see, are usually associated with stripes!"

This casual sally (not by any means one of my best) received with marked approbation by company present, who from that time onward exempted me from general charge of density so freely lavished by the States upon my countrymen. (Am speaking, of course, of a period previous to Anglo-, &c.)

These trifling episodes, however, though interesting in themselves, have no direct bearing, it may be said, upon my Extension over the Western Hemisphere. Was neither engaged to lecture upon British Humour nor American History, though the open mind with which I should have approached latter topic was clear point in my favour. But my theme was serious and literary; for, as stated in my syllabus, I proposed to discourse *On Some Alleged Obscurities in BROWNING'S Epic of SORDELLO*. Was to be the guest of the improving municipality of Poesiopolis, a watering-place much affected for its physical and intellectual salubrity by elite of neighbouring city of Cultureville.

(Shall continue this another time.)

A SUGGESTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—The old name of "Turnpike Roads" has, long ago, with the almost universal disappearance of the ancient turnpikes, become obsolete. Nowadays, bicycles being "always with us," why not for "Turnpike Roads" substitute "Turn-bike Roads"? This ought to suit the "B. B. P.," or, "Bicycling British Public."

CYRANO COQUELIN LE CONKY-ROR!—Who will dare attempt this part of Bergerac after M. COQUELIN? *Naz*, my friend, impossible! Whoever may think of it, *il n'ose pas*.



"THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF GRACE."

NOT OUT.



A QUESTION OF HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY.

"UNBIDDEN GUESTS ARE OFTEN WELCOMEST WHEN THEY ARE GONE."—Shakespeare.

TO W. G.

Born July 18, 1848. Captain of the team of Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's, July 18, 1898.

FIFTY, not out! and your pluck in the prime of it,
Master of veterans, matchless, immense!
May it be ours to be living to rhyme of it,
Still in its plenitude, fifty years hence!

Patient as Jon, with the judgment of SOLOMON,
Heart of a lion and eye of a hawk!
May you have wickets, to stand like a column on,
Keen as the courage that nothing can baulk!

Fortune preserve you and grant a more glorious
Power to your elbow and beef to your blows!
Broaden your shadow and leave you victorious,
Grandly "not out" at your century's close!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MISTER,—By hazard I have been presented, there some time, to the President of the Temple, that sort of College of the Advocates all to the near of the Palace of Justice. This mister, of a great amiability, has had the goodness of to invite me to dine in the ancient Hall of the Temple.

I am enchanted. He appears that from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH the advocates have dined in this Hall. They dine at six of clock. *Tiens, c'est drôle!* In England you dine very late.

Eh well, I go of good hour, and, arrived at the Temple I demand the President. *On me dit qu'il n'existe pas. Sapristi! Et mon dîner!* But one demands me if I desire to see Master Treasurer. *Ah ça! Le Président s'appelle "Maître Trésorier."* Perfectly. One conducts me to a room, where I find assembled several misters in black robes. He astonishes me that they carry not also these drolls of perruques of the english advocates. But he appears that they are not some advocates, but some misters who sit themselves *sur un banc*, on a bank, that is to say some bankers.

Still some misters arrive, and then the Master Treasurer in-

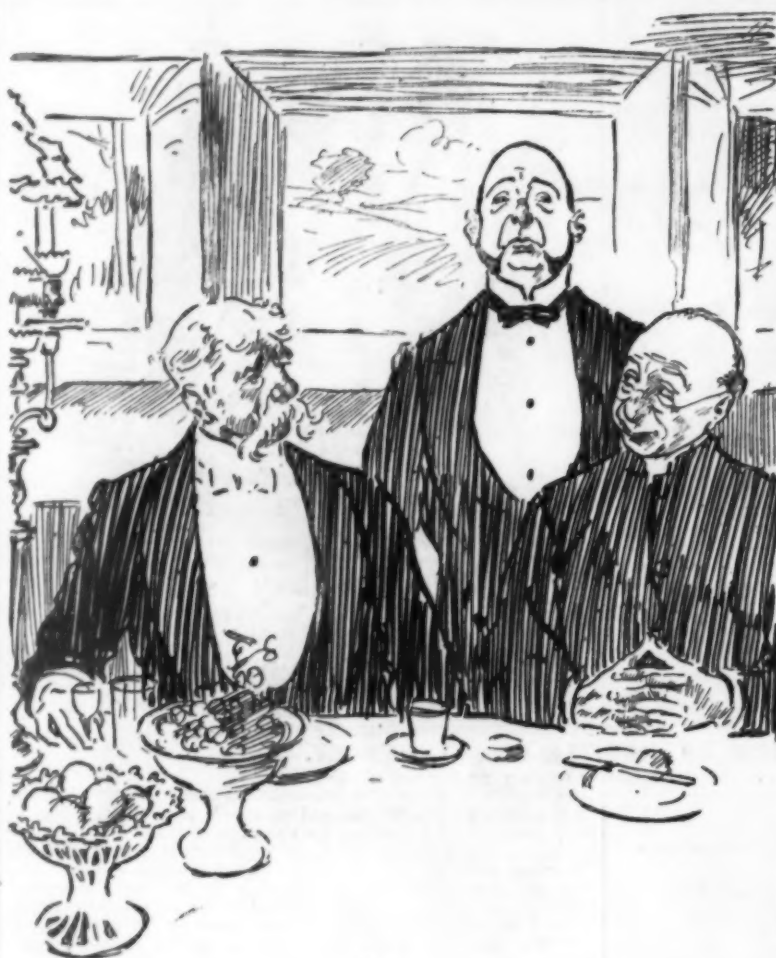
vites me to accompany him, and we march, *deux à deux*, two to two, preceded of a *huissier*, to the ancient Hall. This solemn procession has a little the air of a funeral convoy, and the Master Treasurer, in black robe, resembles to a protestant pastor. The advocates and the students, assembled in the hall, carry also some habits of mourning and hold themselves respectfully upright. Arrived at the great table, we put ourselves all the long of the step, as at the border of the grave, and the Master Pastor, holding a book, commences to read a prayer. That has absolutely the air of an interment. In habit, and at side of him, I believe myself that which you call the "head mourner" at the protestant funerals. But some instants more late, we put ourselves at table, and the waiters serve to us the best of your english plates, the Tortoise Soup. *Ca n'a plus l'air d'un enterrement. Ma foi, non!*

After that we eat some fish and some quails, and then the Master Treasurer lifts himself. He says "The QUEEN." All the world lifts himself. It is that which we call in french "un toast"; I know not how one translates that in english. *Alors c'est fini, le dîner.* But he is then of the most littles. Some soup, some fish, some quails—not of rosbif, not of bifteck, not of plumb pouding—is it that this dates also from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH? Impossible!

I am deceived myself. We recommence, and one serves to us a dinner of the most admirables and some wines of the most superbs. At the middle of the repast one brings a great coupe, in italian, *tazza*. What is this that this is that that? Again some tortoise soup? Probably. But at place of to serve himself of a spoon the Master Treasurer drinks from the coupe herself, and the bankers also. In fine me I drink, but very little. *Tiens!* It is not some soup, it is some wine. Evidently that also it is at the mode of the middle age.

We eat some *entremets*, and I attend the dessert, for you have of very good fruits in England. There is not of dessert! The Master Treasurer lifts himself, we lift ourselves all, he reads another prayer, and we go ourselves of it, *nous nous en allons*. Again two to two we traverse the *couloirs* until to another hall. *Tiens, voilà le dessert!* And some wines again more superb!

A little more late I say goodevening to the Master Treasurer and to the bankers, praying them to agree all my thanks of their charming and amiable hospitality. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.



For May
98

The Rev. Mr. Haircomber. "I MUST REALLY TRY SOMETHING FOR MY HAIR. I'M GETTING RATHER BALD!"

Captain Jinks. "DEAR ME! I WOULD NOT HAVE NOTICED IT IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME!"

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

["London's health continues marvellous. There is no epidemic of any kind in our midst."—*Echo*.]

DAAPHNE, why should fashion's freaks
Drive us several precious weeks
Out of town, where safe and sound
We might live the whole year round,
Still the unknown ills to brave
Lurking by the sad sea wave?

Why in filthy railways ride,
Reeking, writhing, five a side?
Why, arrived in dismal plight,
For our shattered luggage fight,
While this sentence custom dooms—
Banishment in poky rooms?

Teem with manifold infections
Sands and pier in all directions;
Furtive sewers belch gruesome smells,
Dread diphtheria poisons wells,

Fever's rumour, typhoid's scare,
Haunts the traveller everywhere.

Ah! that proverb (DAAPHNE OWN)
Wisely says—"Let well alone";
Here the death-rate's ever low,
Here perennial comforts flow,
Here the club, the park, the play,
Soothe the night and cheer the day;
Yea, the joys of town are deeper,
DAAPHNE—and a good deal cheaper.

On Wimbledon Common.

Angelina (to Edwin). Darling! how those
dreadful soldiers frighten me flourishing
their fearful weapons! Are they fighting?

[And it was all that EDWIN could do to explain
without laughing that the supposed Tommy
Atkinses were red-coated golfers, under the
command of "Colonel Bogey."

DARBY JONES TALKS ABOUT SANDOWN AND THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

HONOURED SIR,—I left Stockbridge, like Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY did the Court of Queen's Bench, a sadder and a poorer man. In my own case, I was Asinine enough to imagine that *Sambre* was the superior of that fine-pacing animal *Cyrenian*. My Friends GROGANOFF and KRITERION were filled with the same belief, and we were ignominiously "carted" together. It is true that we were placed in receipt of a few welcome shekels when *Hips and Haus* (not forgotten by Yours Truly) waltzed in after the Duet for the Stockbridge Cup, but the victory of *Cyrenian* had a pernicious effect on the Sport of the Week.

The Count himself is the Victim of a most Diabolical Attempt to ruin his Reputation on the other side of the Straits of Dover. It appears that some Miscreant used his Name and Title for Wagering Purposes at a recent Meeting at Auteuil, when—I suppress the Trivial Facts—a certain horse did not win. A week afterwards a most Scurrilous Attack on my Friend appeared in a Gallic Rag quite unfit for Publication. The Count at once wrote to the Editor denying his responsibility in the affair in question, and demanding that Apology which every Gentleman maligned by a Penny-a-Liner requires. The Apology duly appeared. It ran as follows: "*Si ce n'était pas toi, GROGANOFF, c'était ton frère.*" With this Infamous Bar Sinister placed by Journalistic Malevolence on the Family Scutcheon, the Count has had to be content.

And now to Sandown, to the hill-side, whereon a statue of Mr. HWFA WILLIAMS will no doubt one of these days beam on the Main Line of the London and South Western Railway Company. Mr. WILLIAMS's Christian Name is, like that of many Welsh towns, somewhat difficult to enunciate. But I imagine that Captain KRITERION is not far from the bottom of the Well in which Truth dwells in calling the Despot of Sandown "OOFF" WILLIAMS. Anyway, he deserves the Appellation, if only by reason of the Eclipse Stakes. Just look at the Owners of the Winners of the World-famed Prize since its Institution! Not a Poor Man among them! The Duke of WESTMINSTER (three times), the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. H. McCALMONT, Mr. A. MERRY, Monsieur SCHICKLER (why have all successful Frenchmen got German names?). Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, and the Prince of WALES! There's a list! It only wants an enterprising Yankee, say Mr. LORILLARD, to come and take the stakes, to bind the Anglo-American Alliance more concretely than ever. Eclipse Millionaires first, the rest nowhere. After dipping my beak into Invigorating Shandy-gaff and my quill into Condensed Milk of Human Kindness, I venture to chortle:—

The Goddess I cannot uphold,
Nor the Goldmine, if sent here from France,
For William's Court too I am cold,
At the Necklace must I then look askance;
But the Cricketer's Home may run well,
And the Rhodora Saint cause surprise,
But let her own chance I foretell

When the Painter has cracked on the "rise,"
Need I say more or less? Probably less.
Your loyal Servitor,

DARBY JONES.

THE GOLFER'S FRIEND AFTER LONG
DRIVES.—The Tea-Caddy.

THE M.P.'S LAMENT.

[Another M.P. has been disillusioned. . . . It is only a few weeks since Mr. HENDERSON was returned for West Staffordshire, and here he is telling his constituents that they are really breaking him down with their demands upon him. . . . "The number of things a Member of Parliament is expected to do is something surprising."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Oh! alas, that I would be that unhappy thing, M.P.!

Ah! the letters that I have to read and docket!
And the cheques—it makes my hair stand on end, for I declare
That my hand is hardly ever from my pocket.
Should the town Y. M. C. A. want a picnic, who's to pay?
Why, of course, the Member always finds the victuals,
And the whole I. O. G. T. turn expectant eyes to me
To provide them with their summer beer and skittles.

Then the rector lets me know that his tithes have sunk so low
(The effect of agricultural depression),
That unless those help who can he will be a ruined man
And a bankrupt, with the bailiffs in possession.
As the Baptist Church is filled, they intend (D. V.) to build
To accommodate the growing congregation,
While the Roman Catholic priest lets me know the very least
That will satisfy the Irish population.

Then the Sunday School, I hear, has an outing every year,
And my predecessor always sent the apples;
By the self-same post I learn that the Independents yearn
To erect a pair of corrugated chapels.
And before I can decide how my favours to divide,
The Salvationists, with Hallelujah chorus,
Write that "We are marching down, and we hope to storm the town,
But we need the sinews for the fight before us."

Then the Clubs—with one consent they elect me President,
And before I can accept the proud position,
Lo, the golfers intimate that my predecessor late
Gave a silver cup for Bogey competition.
And the cricketers declare that they think it only fair
I should patronise the pastime of the million.
So they trust—in short, the gist is that I should head the list
They are raising to erect the new pavilion.

Then there come in scores the cranks, and I owe them little thanks
For the reams they send me, windy, long, and blatant;
Here is one with a design for extracting beef from swine,
And he only wants the cash to get the patent.
And another one has found that the reeking Underground
Might be made a very Klondyke for the needy—
Take the sulphur (it's a fact that it's plentiful), extract
And convert it into tablets for the seedy.

Thus from early morn till late in the evening, I dictate
Correspondence, and my labour endeth never,
While my secretary, wan and as white as any swan,
Plies the typewriter that clicketh on forever.
Oh, ye Gods! who, who would be that unhappy thing, M.P.,
For constituents to plunder and to pillage.
Bound to answer every beck with a letter and a cheque,
The fair prey of every vote in every village!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In relating *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. BERNARD CAPES does not avail himself of any machinery in the way of a recovered box of old letters or a supposititious diary. He plunges straightway into his story, preserving throughout a marvellous *vraisemblance*. He has evidently dived deep into the sea of personal record of the times of which he treats, and brings back rich treasure. Among lurid side-lights thrown upon those terrible days, my Baronite specially mentions the description of life in the prison of the Little Force, with its almost hideous gaiety, its reckless heroism of dainty cavaliers and high-born ladies. There are other scenes, such as the trial in the Court at the Conciergerie, and the flight through the quarries of Montrouge, that are of thrilling interest, an undercurrent of grim irony relieving their tragedy.

If ever there were two novelists most unlikely to meet on common ground, it would be CHARLES DICKENS and Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Yet, in Mrs. WARD's latest work, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER), there is a striking resemblance between the character of Mr. Haredale in *Barnaby Rudge*, and Mr. Alan Helbeck of Bannisdale. Both are Catholics, the one living before, the other after the repeal of the harsh persecuting laws directed against the Romanists in Great Britain and Ireland; Haredale defending himself as a Papist against Protestant aggression,

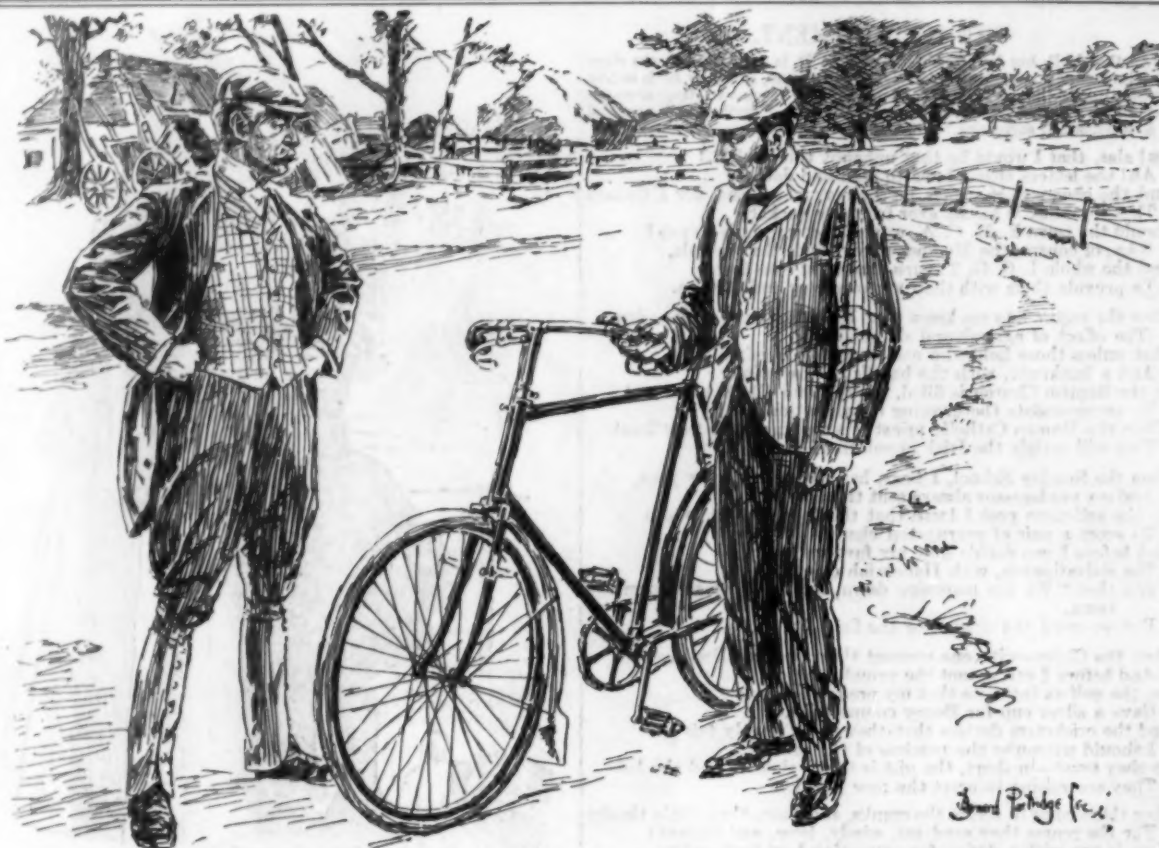


"WHAT MAISIE KNEW."

Kind Aunt. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF MY LITTLE PUG, MAISIE. HE WON'T BITE YOU."

Maisie. "NO, AUNTIE. BUT HE MIGHT KICK!"

sion, and being wounded on the forehead by a stone hurled at him by some one in the "No Popery" mob; Helbeck, in a similar position, set upon and wounded by a cowardly Westmoreland gang. There is, too, a certain kind of resemblance between the events that made both Haredale and Helbeck what they are in the two stories. Mr. Haredale is one of the least exaggerated of CHARLES DICKENS's characters, but Mrs. WARD's Mr. Alan Helbeck is a saintly personage, who has just stepped out of a "light" in some painted window of a Gothic church, and has accidentally left his "halo" behind him. He is an amateur ascetic of preposterous piety, detached from all creature comforts except (thank goodness!) his quiet pipe of tobacco. And then the atheistical girl Laura, who falls in love with, and who is loved by this Painted Window Personage, is she a finished portrait from life? Can either be considered as a type? The atheistical young woman would like to become a Papist, in order that she may marry Helbeck (or say Heavenbeck) of the Painted Window, but as she cannot arrive at this, she drowns herself. Then Helbeck of the Painted Window is free to return to his "halo," if so inclined, and if the vacant space has not already been filled up. However, as to his future career, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD charitably and artistically leaves us in considerable doubt. If poor Ophelia-Laura could only have been resuscitated, and both lovers been made into a couple of sensible people, and could it all have ended in a happy marriage with the brightest prospects before them, then one half-hour of gentle melancholy, partially relieved by a smile or two, would have been spared to Mrs. WARD's devoted admirer, THE BARON DE B.-W.



Sir Charles (to his Cockney Valet, to whom he has lent his machine to go to the post). "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BICYCLE, JOHN! IT MAKES A TERRIBLE NOISE."
John. "I DON'T THINK IT MAKES A NOISE, SIR CHARLES, BUT IT'S THE DISTRICT IS SO QUIET, SIR!"

THE CLUB WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it your opinion that a spinster should have all the advantages of a bachelor?

Answer. Certainly; and that opinion is endorsed by modern legislation.

Q. You consider that the position of a woman is as good as that of a man?

A. Yes, and better, for to the present equality of the sexes she is able to add the chivalrous superiority that has come to her as a legacy from the past.

Q. You think you have a right to the liberty enjoyed by your brothers?

A. Certainly; and intend to exercise it.

Q. In what manner do you assert your freedom?

A. By living by myself in Chambers and belonging to a Ladies' Club.

Q. What are the special advantages of living by yourself in Chambers?

A. That I rid myself of the control of my mother and the rivalry of my sisters.

Q. And of belonging to a Ladies' Club?

A. That I can talk scandal with my female fellow-members and smoke cigarettes.

Q. Can you suggest any improvement for Ladies' Clubs?

A. Well, some say that they might be made more cheerful by the admission of male guests.

Q. Then the company of the inferior sex is not to be despised?

A. In moderation it may be desirable.

Q. Is there any particular advantage to be obtained by the freedom you have secured which could not be equally enjoyed by residence in the home of your parents?

A. Latchkeys in the parental household are the exclusive property of its male members.

Q. And how often do you use a latch-key?

A. About once in twelve months.

Q. Then, although emancipated, you still believe in propriety?

A. Unquestionably, and fail to see why freedom should become licence.

Q. Then you are perfectly satisfied with your life of single blessedness?

A. Yes—theoretically.

Q. Why do you say theoretically?

A. Because, as a practical woman, I am not quite sure that I should not have been happier if I had married.

ETON V. HARROW.—A striking match. Most brilliant up to a certain point; and then, the Etonian innings over, Cimmerian darkness! "Regardless of grammar," we may thus express it, "The last Light Blue out!"

SERIOUS MALADY (from which most of the War Correspondents round about Key West are now suffering).—Rumour-tism.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

THE BERLIN TREATY, SIGNED JULY 13, 1878.

A SCORE of years! a little roll

Of Facts upon the Scroll of Time,

Yet Time demands its constant Toll

On Universal Change of Crime.

"Honour with Peace" was then the cry,

The shout is now the very same.

"Dishonoured Peace" none can deny,

While "Honoured War" is much the same.

And so must Two Great Nations kill

Each other's sons with fearless skill?

Not so! That Bygone Touch unquenched

will still,

With "Peace with Honour," burn God's

will.

FLOREAT ETONA!

A Look-back on Henley, by an O'd Etonian.

["Eton beat First Trinity, after a grand race, in the final heat for the Ladies' Plate."]

THE old "White Caps" have won once

more,

The Plate has gone back to its almost

Home,

It's a triumph for PEIRSE, DE HAVILLAND,

WARRE,

A regular rout of the ranks of Rome!

Not Tiberian Romans, but Latins, who

Had forgotten whence the Cam got its

azure blue!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 16, 1898.



“PINNED!”

SWAIN Sc



Miss S. "BUT THERE ARE SOME COMPENSATIONS IN WAR, ARE THERE NOT?"
 Mr. B. "WHY, YES. THE PAPER-BOYS ARE NOT ALWAYS SHOUTING 'WINNER!'"

FLITTINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Our excellent captain has given us a mill-pond voyage, and steered us clear of dust-storms, Spanish men-of-war, and other nautical unpleasantnesses. I am bound to say, however, that we were rather oversupplied with babies on board. They swarmed over the decks, and out-yelled each other in the small hours of the night, and even took airings in their perambulators in the none too extensive space that was meant for quoits and promenades. I think that the sea-going infant in general should be relegated to the refrigerator. Otherwise, we had a most delightful voyage.

As to the various towns we visited since I last wrote, they cannot be adequately described in a postscript. We rode in a postscript—I mean a post-cart—from King Williamstown to Grahamstown, a distance of eighty miles as the locust flies. If you are a Family Removing, you had better go round the five hundred odd miles by train, luggage being excessed on the cart at the rate of four-pence a pound. Except for the fact that the half-caste Jehus smoke vile tobacco the whole time, and their teams of six mules do the "grand chain" at intervals, and you have to start before sunrise, it is a drive distinctly worth taking. Spreewas, meerkats (spelling not guaranteed), monkeys, euphorbias, wild geraniums, and ostriches are among the fauna and flora to be seen on the road, when your hat-brim is not being knocked over your eyes.

Grahamstown is termed the Settlers' City, also the Athens of South Africa, and a local Wesleyan Minister, I am told, compared Milan Cathedral (unfavourably) with his own chapel in the High Street, on his return from an Italian tour. The descriptive reporter has therefore a wealth of geographical allusion to draw upon. The young ladies of Grahamstown, who are being "finished" there in great quantities, have a well-established reputation for good looks. This Christmas Grahamstown is going to have a fling with a South African Exhibition, which will last five weeks. As it is the most English town

in South Africa, the Boers and Hollanders are holding aloof. They prefer to make an exhibition of themselves in Pretoria.

Port Elizabeth is a perpendicular sort of place, built on the steep slope of a hill. Belated old London would do well to copy its electric trams.

Yours, home again, Z. Y. X.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—ROSSINI'S Opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* ("in Italian," too! Welcome little stranger!), always and for ever charming. So refreshing, these delightful examples of "spoken through the music." And then the graceful melodies illustrating every detail of the action from beginning to end! A fine singing *Figaro* is Signor CAMPANARI, though, "if it's humour you want"—well, you won't get it from CAMPANARI.

Madame MELBA, who is not exactly an ideal *Rosina*, was in fine voice, and literally brought down the densely-packed house, which applauded her three songs in the celebrated "music-lesson scene." As to an encore! she could have had five of them had she so chosen.

M. SALEZA is but a shadow of what the dashing and amorous Count *Almaviva* ought to be; appearing quite subdued in the presence of so royal a *Rosina* as is Madame MELBA. It was, perhaps, this feeling that made him careless as to his disguise, for if *Don Bartolo* (capitally sung, but acted and made up as the traditional old pantaloon, by M. CARBONE) had been only in the slightest degree sharp, he would have recognised the Count in the cosack of the music-master, as M. BONNARD, having effectually changed his costume and his wig, had entirely omitted any facial alteration, and was, consequently, rather more like himself than ever. The argument may be, that, were the Count so perfectly disguised as to be unrecognisable (as undoubtedly he ought to be), then how on earth could *Rosina* know that the supposed music-master is only her lover masquerading as *Don Basilio's* substitute? I see only one way, he should wear a false nose, a false beard and moustache, and the business of the stage should be so arranged that, on his introduction to his pupil, he should take the opportunity of *Don Bartolo's* back being turned to lift his beard, remove his nose, and replace both before that profound old idiot *Bartolo* has time to turn round. But no, the venerable "business" is retained on account of its long and useful service, and so the comedy scenes which might be so perfect as comedy, become mere conventional farce, and played so low down as to be indifferent pantomime.

Undeafened and wonderful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer as good as ever, gaining special applause for her one song.

EDOUARD DE REZEKE sings *Don Basilio's* music as only EDOUARD DE REZEKE can sing it; but why play the part with bent knees? Does he wish to convey that he is lowering himself by condescending to lowest farcical acting? It is all Scaramouchy, every bit of it, and this to the loveliest, most perfect comedy-music ever written.



Suggestion for Operatic Pantomime—Harlequin Figaro and the Little Count Out.

I confess to losing all patience with these Operatic undramatic actors. Perhaps they would not heed the voice of a competent stage-manager, stage-managed he never so wisely. The English public tolerate it as child's play because it is Italian Opera, and critics who, for the same reason, extol such acting *here*, would ruthlessly condemn it at the Savoy, Daly's, or any other temporary lodging of English Comic Opera.



IN THE SICK BAY.

Fleet Surgeon. "THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH WRONG WITH YOU, MY MAN. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
A. B. "WELL, SIR, IT'S LIKE THIS, SIR. I EATS WELL, AN' I DRINKS WELL, AN' I SLEEPS WELL; BUT WHEN I SEES A JOB OF WORK—THERE, I'M ALL OF A TREMBLE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(*A Poet, extended in a hammock o'erlooking a lawn on a June afternoon, is moved to minstrelsy.*)

SUMMER has come! In yellow green
 The oak aims high at darker hue,
 The rhododendron's Eastern sheen
 Looks down on bells of British blue.
 Red Roses revel in the glow,
 Long Lilies languish in the light,
 And Chestnuts shed their tinted snow
 Where ruddy May smiles at the white!

Summer has come! Your dainty feet
 Across the dimpled daisies dance,
 Of all the blossoms you most sweet,
 Since all your charms their own enhance!
 You are their Queen! Your subjects fair
 With fragrant kisses greet your way,
 And waft into the lambent air
 Their scented tribute to your sway!

Summer has come! From yonder bowers
 Are heard the lays of feathered quire
 Trilling the song of love and flowers
 That would the meanest bard inspire!
 So on my tablets here I write
 These lines unworthy of my theme,
 But with my soul I them indite
 As forethoughts of a happy dream!

[Falls asleep.]

(Wakes up.)

Summer has come! And with it those
 Whom I, for one, would fain not meet,



THE BEGINNING OF AN EMPIRE.

UNCLE SAM'S YOUNGEST.

[“President MCKINLEY, at seven o'clock this evening, signed the Resolution annexing Hawaii to the United States.”—*Washington*, July 7, 1898.]

The grub is gnawing at that rose,
 The snail sneaks from its slimed retreat,
 The flies are bussing round my head,
 The spider lurks among those eaves,
 The centipede defiles the ground,
 The slug is battenning on the leaves!

The bumble-bee's deep monotone
 Vies with the gnat's ambitious hum,
 The beetle lifts aloft its drone,
 Summer has come! Summer has come!
 Five caterpillars fall on me,
 A wasp beats loud his kettle-drum,
 A hornet, too! I fly! I flee!

The mists now rise where sunbeams
 shone.
 With wings and stings,
 And horrid things,
 Summer had come! Summer has gone!

PEPYS AT HENLEY.

SIR,—When the ghost of sly old SAM PEPYS was at Henley last week (as duly related by himself to Mr. Punch), why did his respected Shade keep so very dark? Why, at least, did he not reveal himself to “No. 2 in the Eton Boat, Mr. SAMUEL PEPYS COCKERELL,” who is a direct descendant of the undefeated Diarist? Won't old SAM PEPYS be delighted to know that it was “the Ladies' Plate” for which the Etonians contended, and which they won? Please see this letter properly sent through the Dead Letter Office to S. P.

Yours truly, ONE WHO ROWS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 4.—
 "If there were more Irish Members like HORACE PLUNKETT," says SARK, "there would be no Irish Question."

It is a hard saying, but, really, when you come to consider it, there's something in it. In the first place, the selection of a representative of this particular kind is indicative of the character and leaning of the constituency. The man whom South Dublin delights to honour is modest, yet capable, cultured and absolutely free from snobbishness, kind-hearted, yet clear-headed. His every action in public life is influenced by the purest passion of patriotism. There must be large sympathy with these qualities among his constituency, or they would have gone elsewhere and endowed Westminster with a more familiar type of Irish Member.

PLUNKETT is one of the leading spirits, the hardest worker on the Congested District Board, the only Ministerial institution in Ireland universally approved, the sole agency, whose efforts for amelioration of distressed Ireland meet with popular recognition. Of late, has varied his slavery to Ireland by arranging details of debate on Financial Relations between sister countries. He is the only man who could bring together what DIZZY would call the Two Nations in Ireland—the landlord and the tenant.

The common ground certainly enticing. As the BLAMELESS BARTLEY, breaking long silence, declared to-night, Ireland is always united when there is something to be got out of the Saxon. Labour of engineering the temporary union none the less great. PLUNKETT literally oozing with correspondence. When he can get no more in outside pockets he carries appalling bundle in his right hand, scurries to and fro across lobbies, through corridors. "Always looks as if he was looking for somebody," as SARK says. To-night he found EDWARD CLARKE and LECXY, the former brisk, practical, forceful and argumentative, the latter more than usually Leekydaisical in tone and manner, but weighty in matter, elo-



"A PARLIAMENTARY LEPRICHAUN."

Mr. Serjeant H-mph-ll.

[Our Artist says that if this is not like a "Lepri-chaun," it ought to be.]



THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN DOOR."

(As some would like to interpret it.)

Chorus of Lukewarm Supporters (within). "MUST YOU REALLY BE GOING?"

quent in phrasing. BLAKE also delivered admirable speech, handicapped by his fatal inability to compress.

"BLAKE should have been caught younger," SARK says. "If he'd come into the Commons when he was twenty he would have gone far. Having commenced his Parliamentary career on the Continent of America, he has in the matter of length drawn his speeches to scale, and for our little island they stretch too far."

Business done.—Proposal to readjust Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland.

Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Financial Relations. Been much better had it been compressed within one. Fatal air of unreality about it. No one expects any practical result. But if MAC makes a speech, O', being also an Irish Member, must make one too, or what will they say in Clonakilty?

Best thing I've heard on subject not said in present debate. It was at Ministerial dinner at the opening of last Session when Financial Relations of two countries first became political question, and filled the air with incessant buzz. Lord RATHMORE (the lamented DAVID PLUNKETT of our

House) turned up at dinner in full dress, save that he did not wear his sword. Much good-humoured chaff at its absence. Where could it be that he had not brought it?

"I know what you mean," said RATHMORE; "but you're all mistaken. My sword is not deposited with my F-f-inancial Relation."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD effusively and elaborately said nothing in a speech more than thirty minutes long. Bound as Leader of Opposition to take part in debate. All very well if what he said might straightway be forgotten and remain unrecorded. Some day he may again be Chancellor of Exchequer. If he now says things pleasant to Irish Members, he will then be inconveniently reminded of them. So carefully avoids details, mouths generous generalities, and sits down with serene consciousness that he has not committed himself. House anxiously awaiting the conclusion to which his argument may lead, faintly laughs when it finds it leads no whither.

Business done.—Financial Relations resolution negated by nearly two to one.

Thursday.—Curious how unexpectedly things crop up. Just now, à propos de bottles, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG men-

tioned that he would be in Belfast on Tuesday next, being the 12th of July. If we had thought of it we might of course have concluded he would be there. Belfast would not be itself on the 12th of July without this warrior figure, the Orange sash round his waist, the Orange rosette on his manly chest, art subtly backing up the effort of Nature to give his flowing beard an orange tint.

It is only once a year that BALLYKILBEG goes the whole hog, so to speak, in respect of his beard. Niggard Nature stopped at the tawny tint. A little more, and it would have been true orange, thus artistically completing a historic personality. Once a year, on the 12th of July, this defect is corrected. It is said that in the mighty and imposing procession there is nothing strikes such terror into the breast of the Papishers as the sight of the flowing beard, bright orange in hue, of the warlike figure striding at its head.

Something of this instinctive apprehension shown even to-night. When Nationalists heard that BALLYKILBEG "would be there," they laughed a hollow laugh meant to be scornful. Some time later, JOHN DILLON rose and asked CHIEF SECRETARY what measures the Irish Executive proposed to take for the preservation of life and property in Belfast on Tuesday next, when BALLYKILBEG will take the field—or rather, the street? Gravity of situation further shown by BROTHER GERALD asking for notice.

Business done.—Further discussion on Irish Local Government Bill.

Friday.—Blackwood, almost the oldest, remains, in matter of freshness and vitality, the youngest of monthly magazines. The current number has special interest in



"ARMACH VIKINGUE," &c.

(The latest thing in Nationalist Leaders.)

Colonel S-and-18-n.

these parts by reason of inclusion of article embodying reminiscences of the Father of the House. Curious to note that our dear Sir JOHN MOWBRAY has lived so long that one family name has not been enough for



STIMIED.

Golfer. "FORE!"

Tinker. "WHAT!"

Golfer. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

Tinker. "WHAT FOR?"

Golfer. "I MIGHT HIT YOU."

Tinker. "THER'D BEST NOT, YOUNG MAN!"

him. Up to 1847 he was known to STAFFORD NORTHCOLE and others as "My dear CORNISH." With approach of the new half century, he took the new name by which he has since been known and is honoured in the House of Commons and elsewhere. He tells in characteristically modest manner his marvellous story—now Mr. G. has gone, he alone can tell it—of "Seventy Years at Westminster."

Business done.—Second reading of Bill rendering valid in Great Britain marriages contracted in Colonies with Deceased Wife's Sister carried in Lords by nearly three to one.

GRAVE CHARGES ALWAYS MET.—Burial fees.

A SKYE PILOT IN ORNITHOLOGY.

Mr. KEARTON, in his *With Nature and a Camera*, says that he met with a Scottish Minister, who averred that the Great Northern Divers make no nests at all, but hatch their eggs under their wings. Subsequently, three independent witnesses averred that one Sunday afternoon, sitting on the cliffs of Skye, they saw a Great Northern Diver lay her egg on the sea, dive after it, and catch it before it reached the bottom. Mr. KEARTON does not state if the Scottish Minister accused the three Independent Witnesses of breaking the Sabbath law, or the Great Northern Diver of breaking the egg. But at all events, Mr. KEARTON deserves an ovation.

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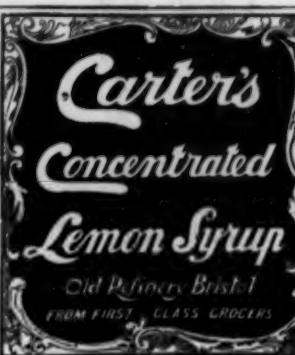
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